



CHASING HOOD.

Fierce Work by the Hard-Riding Troopers.

WRECKING AN ARMY.

The Vanquished's Endeavors to Drive Off Their Pursuers.

A BLOODY HARVEST.

No Refuge from Yankee Sabers and Carbines.

BY CAPT. THOS. J. CAFER, 9TH IND. CAV.



ATE in the month of November, 1864, a corps of cavalry was organized at Nashville, Tenn., and the command given to Maj.-Gen. J. H. Wilson, who was fresh from the command of a division under that prince of cavalry leaders, Gen. Phil Sheridan. It was composed of four divisions, commanded respectively by Gens. Croxton, Hatch, Johnson and Knipe, and was intended to be used by Gen. Thomas, commanding the army at Nashville, in driving Hood's army from the State of Tennessee. Only one brigade of the Seventh Division was present and took part in the campaign. This brigade (the First) was composed of the 9th and 10th Ind., 19th Pa., 2d and 4th Tenn., and 14th Ohio battery, and was commanded by Brig.-Gen. J. H. Hammond. The men and officers of the different regiments were strangers to each other, and the ranks of all much reduced in numbers, but all of them familiar with the work in which they were about to engage. On the 13th of December, 1864, the cavalry crossed the Cumberland River at Nashville, and encamped near our line of defense on the west side of the town.

For a week or more the weather had been intensely cold—the mercury down nearly to zero and the whole face of the country covered with ice, but on the 13th it had moderated, so that by the 15th the ground had become soft and muddy. After dark on the 14th orders came to Col. George W. Jackson, commanding the 9th Ind., to see that his men had each three days' rations, a hundred rounds of ammunition, and to be ready to move at daylight. The men understood the significance of this order—that the long-expected move against Hood was now to begin, and the greater part of the night was spent in preparation.

Long before daylight on the 15th the heavy rumbling of artillery, the clatter of sabers, and the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of infantry revealed the fact that Gen. Thomas was massing his men on the right, and that the real work of

CRUSHING HOOD'S ARMY would begin in that quarter. A dense fog had settled over the two armies and obscured their movements, which cleared away about 9 o'clock a. m., exposing to view our men in line ready to move on the rebel works.

Hatch's Division of Cavalry was assigned a position to the right of the Sixteenth Corps of Infantry, under the command of the veteran Gen. A. J. Smith; the Seventh Division was placed still to the right of Hatch, and formed the extreme right flank of that part of our army.

The work assigned to Smith's Corps and the two divisions of cavalry was to break through the enemy's left, double up a portion of his lines, and drive them back upon his center, while the First and Sixth Divisions of Wilson's Corps were to drive his extreme left back toward the river, where it could be assailed by gunboats sent there for that purpose. This movement began about 9 o'clock a. m., and was carried out to the letter.

When the rebel lines were broken our line was formed at right angles with that of the enemy, and in advancing we gradually folded them back toward their center. The First Brigade being on the extreme right of both Smith and Hatch, was too far out to come in contact with any considerable body of rebels on the 15th, notwithstanding we had during the day advanced 10 miles in the direction of Franklin.

At daylight on the morning of the 16th our regiment (the 9th Ind.) pushed forward on the Hillsboro pike, and was soon warmly engaged with the enemy, who disputed with us a further advance in that direction with infantry and artillery, using the latter quite freely. About noon the 14th Ohio battery was sent to our assistance and the REBELS WERE DRIVEN FROM THE FIELD. Shortly after this we were ordered to go to the assistance of the remainder of the brigade, which we found engaging the enemy on a high ridge east of the Granny White pike, on our extreme right and well on to the left flank of the enemy. Our regiment took position on the right of the brigade.

The ground being unfavorable for the movement of horses, the men were dismounted and moved up the hill on foot. When we arrived at the top, along its summit as far as the eye could see the battle was raging with desperate fury. A brass band, superbly mounted on gray horses, had come up close to the line of battle and was playing "Hail Columbia." No time was given us either to look upon the grand spectacle or to listen to the music, for Col. Jackson, taking in the situation at a glance, gave the command, "Forward—Double-quick!" and our men sprang over the crest of the ridge with a shout which must have carried dismay into the ranks of the enemy, for before

we were half way down the opposite slope they were in full retreat. The other regiments joined in the charge, and the enemy was driven from the field in confusion. At this opportune moment Gen. Croxton's Division coming up joined in the pursuit, which continued until near midnight. Long after dark the loud cheers of our victorious troops and the wild roar of battle was heard as our men rolled the enemy back in the direction of Franklin.

An immense wagon-train loaded with supplies and ammunition was captured, and Croxton's men galloped among the teams, set the train on fire, and the flames leaping up from the burning wagons lit up the scene with the brightness of noonday. The loud explosion of shells and fixed ammunition, mingled with the shouts of our men and the roar of battle, made one of those wild, grand scenes that will never be forgotten.

Finally the roar of battle subsided, and the men sank exhausted to the earth to gain a few moments' rest and sleep before the

BLOODY CONFLICT WAS RENEWED on the morning. As soon as the first streaks of light began to show themselves in the east, we were in the saddle and on the move, with orders to give the enemy no rest until



BURNING THE TRAIN.

he surrendered or was driven across the Tennessee River. Our brigade had the advance, with the 19th Pa. at the head. By daylight the head of the column had reached the Franklin pike, along which the main body of Hood's defeated army had retreated during the night. Everything here indicated the complete demoralization of his men. Guns, accoutrements and other material were strewn along the highway in reckless profusion. The rain was coming down in torrents, as it had been all night, and the roads had been worked into a perfect mire by the immense number of vehicles and horses passing over them. Men had stepped from the ranks and broken their guns across the fence in utter disgust at further efforts in a cause they deemed hopeless. Ammunition-chests had been emptied of their contents into the road, wagons and ambulances abandoned, and in fact there were here all the evidences that may be seen in the wake of a defeated army.

The column wheeled to the right and pushed forward in the direction of Franklin, capturing many prisoners and driving the enemy in confusion to Hollow Tree Gap, where he made a stand. Here two ranges of hills came together, forming an obtuse angle, and the roadway had been cut through a depression at the point where they intersected each other. At this point the rebels had planted a battery and posted his infantry along the crest of the hills, where they were hid from view by the timber and brush growing along their sides.

Gen. Hammond, who was with the advance, seeing the position was a strong one, led what men he had at hand through a pass to the enemy's right and rear, where he attacked with such vigor as to drive him from the pike and capture almost bodily

TWO ENTIRE REGIMENTS, with their colors and all their officers. While Hammond was making this flank movement Gen. Knipe, commanding the division, came up and determined to attack the position in front. The 10th Pa. and part of the 10th Ind. with uplifted sabers advanced to the charge, but the rebels reserved their fire until our men were within a few feet of their guns, when they let loose into their very faces a double charge of grape and canister, while the infantry poured into their flanks from the hillsides above a most withering fire, which caused the column to reel and stagger, and finally fall back, leaving the ground literally covered with dead men and horses.

As soon as this attack was repulsed the rebels withdrew and retreated in haste to Franklin, six miles away. Just at this time the 9th Ind., which had been detained in the rear, came up, and Gen. Knipe said to Hammond: "Take the 9th and follow the enemy to Franklin and drive him out of the town; and don't skirmish with them more than three minutes before you charge them." As we passed through the gap we could see how desperate had been the conflict. The scene was calculated to make even the bravest shudder. The road was choked with dead men and horses, torn and mangled in every conceivable manner, some of the men having received as many as half-a-dozen shots before they went down. To the right of the pike, as if to emphasize the cruelties of war, lay among the bearded men a

LITTLE, FAIR-HAIRED BOY, a mere child, not more than 12 or 13 years of age. He lay at full length upon his back, with one hand resting across his breast, the other lying carelessly by his side as if in sleep. The rain-drops were falling upon his upturned, childish face, and the winter winds were playing with his curly locks. Two ugly wounds told too plainly that the life was the sleep of death—that the bright young life had gone out forever. But our duty was not with the dead; it was with the living, and we hastened on to perform it. Once through the gap, the command was "Trot—March!" and this pace was not slackened until the six miles had been covered and Franklin reached. This town is

situated on the south bank of Harpeth River, which in front of the town runs a little to the south of east; north of the river a few hundred yards, and parallel with it, is quite a ridge, which crosses the Nashville and Franklin pike at right angles, and extends for a considerable distance on either side. On this ridge the enemy had drawn up his line of battle, planted a battery of artillery where his line crossed the pike, and awaited our coming; and the cavalry, which came into the road and to the town in our front, pressed through his line and drew up behind the battery.

When fairly across the creek the command to charge was given, and instantly the horses were spurred into a dead run, a wall of steel flashed above that line of men, and a chant of defiance that rose above the enemy's guns broke forth from the advancing squadrons that swept along with the force of an avalanche. When half-way up the slope the enemy sought to break the force of the charge by pouring into our ranks a volley from his center line, which was answered by a

SHOUT OF RAGE, and the line swept onward, unbroken as before.

It was evident now that the enemy must either get out of the way or be trampled to death beneath the iron hoofs of the advancing squadrons. But before they had time to execute their purpose the front ranks were already at the crest, whooping and yelling, cutting and slashing in every direction. The lines gave way, the men fled in the wildest confusion, some holding their guns above their heads as they ran, in mortal fear of having them split open by those uplifted and flashing sabers, while others crouched behind stones and stumps, or threw themselves flat upon their faces in the gutters to prevent being trampled to death by the advancing columns.

The mighty tide rolled back until the entire rebel force had either surrendered or had plunged into the foaming river, now so swollen by the recent rains that many of them were compelled to swim in order to reach the opposite shore. As soon as their lines gave way and we were among their men, the rebels opened fire upon the intermingled combatants from some batteries across the river, which killed and wounded more of their own men than they did of ours.

The artillery which opened fire upon us before the charge did not stop to see the result, but limbered up and dashed off to the crossing in hopes of reaching the opposite side, but were so hotly pressed by Col. Jackson that four of their guns were abandoned in the river.

Capt. Hobson, who commanded on our left, after clearing his front of the enemy, wheeled his men to the left and led them against a small redoubt at the crossing of the river by the railroad, and while demanding its surrender was shot through the heart and

FELL DEAD FROM HIS HORSE, within a few feet of the fort he was trying to capture. Lieut. Burrows, of Co. C, fell mortally wounded from an exploding shell, while leading his men against the center. Lieut. James S. Watts, of Co. I, was also killed by the Captain of the battery, at the crossing of the river; and Lieut. Duval, of Co. D, was shot through the lungs, and sent to the hospital, to remain many weeks before he recovered.

How many others, equally brave and daring, who on that December morning sealed their devotion to their country with their lives, the record before me does not disclose. Gen. Hammond, in his official report of this engagement, in speaking of our loss, says: "In this charge we lost three fine officers, among whom was Capt. Hobson, 9th Ind. Cav., a man remarkable for the prompt discharge of his duty and his bravery. He is a great loss to the service."

An entire division of Hood's veteran infantry, with a battery of artillery, were routed and driven from the field into the river. Two stands of colors and 267 prisoners captured, besides those that were wounded, and four pieces of artillery abandoned in the river, were some of the trophies which the 9th Ind. Cav. had to show for this daring charge.

After the rebels had placed the river between themselves and our men they literally swarmed on the opposite bank, to prevent our crossing, and the fire from them, their artillery, and sharpshooters posted in the houses of the town, made the field a warm place for one to tarry. So Gen. Hammond assembled what few men there were who had not either been killed, disabled or gone to the rear with prisoners, in a depression slightly protected from the enemy by the intervening ridge and some trees growing upon its crest, to await the coming of the remainder of the brigade.

The men were dismounted and stood at their horses' heads. It was a critical moment; the rebels were swarming on the opposite bank of the river, with nothing to prevent recrossing and either capturing our little band or driving us from the field; for at this time the whole command did not exceed a hundred men. They contented themselves, however, with firing at us from across the river. Most of the shots passed over our heads; but one I remember—a solid shot—came over the crest of the ridge, struck one of the horses squarely in the chest, ripped him open from end to end, cut off two of the legs of the horse in his rear, and with a terrible crash buried itself in the body of a large oak tree standing near.

The astonishment of the boy who stood holding the bridle, gazing at his dismembered but still erect horse, can be better imagined than described. Our situation was now, if anything, more trying than when we were engaged in the charge; for we were compelled to remain inactive, a target for the enemy's sharpshooters and his artillery, until our supports could arrive. Notwithstanding our perilous situation, minutes lengthened out hours before we were finally permitted to move down to the river and drive the rebels from the opposite bank, while the remainder of the brigade, led by the 4th Tenn., charged

across the stream and through the town, driving the enemy to the hills beyond.

At this point Hood sought to STOP THIS RELENTLESS pursuit of his fleeing army by turning upon his pursuers and giving them such a check as would render them more cautious in the future. To this end he drew up a heavy force of infantry and artillery on a high range of hills crossing the pike at right angles, and awaited our coming. As we pushed back his skirmish-line to the foot of the hill, as far as the eye could see, both to the right and left, the crest was fairly bristling with bayonets and artillery.

The brigade halted in front of this formidable array to await the arrival of Gen. Wilson with the remainder of the corps, who soon made his appearance on the field and again at once to arrange the command for a mounted charge. While the different divisions were coming up to take position, we could plainly see the rebels busy making ready to receive us. Some were piling up logs and rails and building barricades to impede our advance, while the gunners stood beside their pieces, rammers in hand.

Now, for the first time, the four divisions were called upon to act in concert under the eye of their new leader. Hammond's Brigade was assigned the center and ordered to charge in column down the pike, which was done under a galling fire from the rebel artillery.

The guns were aimed with deadly precision, and as we swept along many a poor fellow was seen lying where he fell under the horses' feet, covered with mud, waving his hands to keep from being trampled to death with their hoofs. The whole face of the earth seemed to be covered with moving men and horses, sweeping onward with the force of an avalanche. It was a grand sight to see, but many a brave trooper hid the dust before those frowning heights were cleared.

The struggle at the crest was desperate beyond description; the fighting was hand to hand. The hill smoked like a volcano, and trembled beneath the shock of battle. It was cavalry against infantry and artillery; sabers against bayonet. Men were cutting and slashing, prodding and stabbing at each other with the energy of desperation. The line swayed to and fro as the gray or the blue received additional strength, until finally the rebels, no longer able to withstand the accumulated force of the oncoming squadrons, were

CROWDED BACK OVER THE RIDGE and broke and fled in the wildest confusion.

Then ensued one of those scenes which no man can adequately describe. Men were everywhere fleeing across the fields and through the woods; artillery going at a dead run, the drivers plying the lash to the horses in a vain effort to accelerate their speed. Men and horse, wagons and artillery, pack-mules and ambulances were all crowding together along the highways in inextricable confusion, each trying to outstep the others in getting away from Wilson's pursuing horsemen, who seemed to be everywhere, confronting them on every hand



WAR'S VICTIMS.

with victorious shouts and gleaming sabers; pressing upon the flanks; crowding the rear; driving them back upon Hood's exhausted and overtaxed trains, struggling through almost impassable roads to get out of the way of their pursuers.

Night at length came on and enveloped the combatants in gloom, but the darkness seemed only to intensify the fierceness of the conflict. A number of the regiments were armed with repeating rifles, and when advancing upon the enemy through the dark fired by volleys, and the dreadful roar of the conflict was such as is seldom heard on the field of battle. Late in the afternoon, by order of Gen. Wilson, Gen. Hammond led his brigade beyond the left flank of the enemy, in order to get in Hood's rear and cut off his retreat; but night coming on some of the regiments took the wrong direction, owing to the extreme darkness, and failed to reach the point of attack, and the 9th and 10th Ind. were the only ones to arrive upon the ground. Nothing daunted, however, Hammond led them against the enemy, who were already aware of our approach, and prepared to receive us.

We advanced in line slowly through the woods, and the first intimation we had that we were in the presence of the enemy was the ominous click of their guns as they made ready to fire, almost instantly followed by a sheet of flame along their entire front, which for a moment lit up the scene with brightness of day, and revealed their line lying behind a rail fence along the edge of the pike. Undauntedly our men advanced right up to the fence and pushed the rebels back across the embankment of the pike, behind which they took shelter to renew the struggle. For a time our men and the Confederates were so intermingled that it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe. First one side and then the other would have possession of the pike.

After the struggle had thus continued for some time, reinforcements came to the assistance of the rebels, and our line was pushed back into the woods and we were finally compelled to retire, leaving the dead and part of the wounded in the hands of the enemy.

While thus engaged, and the two contending lines were only a few feet apart,

COL. JACKSON'S HORSE WAS SHOT, and he was unable to get away. The rebels, seeing his situation, rushed forward to secure him a prisoner; but the boys of the 9th rallied to the rescue, and while some held the enemy in check with their sabers, others dismounted and dragged the horse off and relieved him from his perilous situation. Although we were compelled to retire from the field, the struggle was not barren of results; for the official report of Gen. Hammond says: "Heavy loss was inflicted on the enemy and we took many prisoners. Both regiments suffered severely, but were repaid in the knowledge that this attack caused the abandonment of four cannon by the enemy."

Lieut. James S. Bristowe, of Co. L, as brave an officer as ever drew a sword in defense of his country, was shot through the head and instantly killed while leading his men to the attack. The color-bearer of the 9th also was killed about the same time, and as we passed over the battlefield the next morning the abandoned guns, surrounded with dead men and horses, lying where they fell the night before, presented a ghastly and sickening spectacle.

On the morning of the 17th, when the 9th Ind. was mustered for action, there were more than 300 men answered to the call; less than half that number were present at night when the regiment went into camp; and at the beginning of the day, of the 12 line officers present, at night all but six were missing—four lay dead on the field of battle and two others had been sent desperately wounded to the hospital. Col. Jackson was so severely injured by the fall of his horse that he was disabled from command during the remainder of the pursuit, and the command devolved upon Maj. V. H. Lyon.

The 9th was engaged in the pursuit of Hood's army from the 15th to the 26th of December, moving and skirmishing more or less every day. But on the 25th it had another severe test of its mettle at

REYNOLDS HILL.

Here the rebels had made a stand and thrown up log breastworks on the brow of the hill, protected in front by rough and broken ground, densely covered with timber, through which our men were compelled to advance to the attack. Our cavalry had dragged a couple of pieces of artillery to a high point in close proximity to and commanding their line of defense, and were pressing them heavily, when the rebels charged out of their works and captured one of the guns, and turning it upon our men, swept round to the right and left and assailed them in flank and rear so fiercely that a panic almost ensued. The 9th had been delayed by having to press through a dense cedar thicket about a mile north of the hill, and appeared on the scene just in time to witness the full force of this temporary reverse.

As we approached a perfect cloud of pack-mules, ambulances and camp followers, all fleeing as though certain destruction was about to overtake them, met us, blocking up the way, and for a few moments causing a perfect pandemonium around us.

This was followed as we were entering the woods by a perfect stream of men pouring out, all bent on getting to the rear as fast as possible, and all saying that it would never do for the regiment to advance farther; that the enemy were waiting in ambush to destroy us, and all admonished us to get out of there as soon as possible. The men who were coming out of the woods were as brave and daring as any that had ever drew sword, and had faced death on many a bloody field, but they had been assailed in front, flank and rear in those dark forests, and it was not surprising that they were determined to get out of there.

It looked for a moment as though our men might join the throng that were drifting to the rear. Confidence, however, was soon restored, and after the disorganized troops had all gotten out of the woods, Maj. Lyon pushed the 9th to the front until the rebels were driven into their works, where it was halted until the men who had been driven out of the woods could be brought back and the line re-established. Just as the sun was going down the bugle sounded the advance, and a grand rush was made along our whole line for the rebel works, which were soon in our possession, the enemy fleeing across the open field, where they were subjected to a severe fire from our men as a

PAINTING SALUTE FOR THE DAY.

We went into camp for the night near the field of battle, with orders for our brigade to take the advance in the morning. By daylight we were on the move at a double-quick, which was kept up until the 23d Tenn., in the advance, struck the enemy's rear-guard and pushed it back on the main body, strongly posted behind temporary works on the south bank of Sugar Creek, while the 2d and 4th Tenn. assailed them in front.

Eight companies of the 9th Ind. were sent around to the right, and the remaining four companies went to the left in order to get on the flanks of the enemy and drive them out of their works. Owing to the ground over which the flanking parties had to pass being hilly and broken, they were compelled to dismount and advance on foot, leaving their horses in the rear. But before they had fairly gained position so as to begin the attack, the enemy charged the two Tennessee regiments with two columns of infantry, with cavalry in the center, and succeeded in driving them a considerable distance to the rear, then, swinging around to the right and left, came up suddenly in the rear of the two detachments of the 9th and made a

DESPERATE EFFORT TO CAPTURE THEM. Although assailed by greatly superior numbers in front, flank and rear, most of the men succeeded in making their escape, and shortly after joined the brigade, which rallied and drove the enemy back into his works, when the 14th Ohio battery was brought up and made it so hot that the rebels abandoned the position and retreated so rapidly that they were not overtaken again during

the day. This ended the fighting in that campaign, during which our brigade had captured eight pieces of artillery, four standards of colors, two Colonels, two Lieutenant-Colonels, one Major and 803 line officers and enlisted men.

We moved from there to Gravelly Springs, where we arrived about the middle of January, and went into Winter headquarters. This article is intended only as an account of the movements of the 9th Ind. Cav. in assisting in driving Hood's army from the State of Tennessee. No effort has been made to give a full account of the part any other regiment performed in that memorable event. It would be impossible to do any of them justice, unless the writer had been present and witnessed what was done. It is hoped that no injustice, however, has been done to any of the brave men who rode with Gen. Wilson through the rain and snow and hail of Midwinter to achieve that splendid victory. They are all deserving of the highest praise.

No better encomium could be desired than was given by a General of infantry who followed in their wake and saw what they had done. Says he: "The whole course from Nashville to the Tennessee River is one bloody line of battle. I have seen the road lined with abandoned guns, dead men and horses, until I am heart sick. I want to lift my hat to Wilson's splendid corps of cavalry." In it there is glory enough for all, and if some did more than others it was only because their opportunities were greater.

BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE.

BY ROBERT J. BERKELEY.

I see no more the gray and blue
At I see in the war I fit into;
But I see in the pursuers now as then
"At they're fighting it still with the cold steel pen."
An' I read 'em all, and I often think
"At in all this effusion of gallant ink,
How every one of us just leavin' us
The name of the bravest man 'at fought."

Their father's a writin' about the war
"At nobody never knowed before,
And ne'er a word, you understand,
But there was cheers and carousage when
Brave Corp' Alexander Rood."

In every paper, West and East,
There was the most as fit the least;
But there was cheers and carousage when
Brave Corp' Alexander Rood led on his men.

When Grant was in that awful mess
"At fightin' in the Wilderness,"
Says Grant, "Who bears the battle's heft,"
Says Grant, "It's hand 'at holds the left."

When Rebel was out of fight,
An' Lincoln came from City Point,
"Well, well," says he, with honest joy,
"There's Corp' Rood 'at led the way."

An' yet I ain't nor you ain't seen
His picture in a magazine;
The bravest man 'at ever dived
In any cause a soldier's sword.

The sharpest, keenest, bravest man
To plan, or execute a plan;
Ef' long as time his fame don't stand,
My name ain't Alexander Rood.

—Boston Transcript.

LABORERS ABROAD.

The Effect of Free Trade upon the Workingmen

A comrade who now resides in Liverpool writes us a long private letter, in which he says: "I have just received THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of Jan. 19, in an editorial in which you speak of the price of clothing. You are in error in imagining that clothing is cheaper here. The same quality of clothing costs the same in Liverpool as in Chicago. I know, because I have worked in both cities and bought clothing in both. Clothing in Chicago is just as cheap and just as good as it is here. When you speak about wages, you must remember that it is only the first-class laborers here who get as high as 28s., that is, \$5 a week. Only one in a hundred does this well. I say to you and all other Americans, 'Keep up the tariff, whatever else you do.' I send you some copies of the Liverpool papers, in which you will find much evidence showing how England expects to make out of the reduction of your tariff. I cannot understand how any American or any Irishman can vote to enrich England at the expense of his country. It seems to me that everything is done here to make it cheaper than here. For example, you cannot get a postal card here for one half-penny or a cent as you can in America. You must pay either 10 or 12 at a time. Two half-penny postal cards cost seven pence half-penny that is 15 cents. One dozen penny postal cards cost 14 pence half-penny, that is 29 cents. If you want to keep a horse you have to pay horse water at one pound of one pound of a road-tax, and another pound if you want to use the horse for pleasure; that is, to take anyone but yourself out. I notice that the cab, bus and street-car drivers work 72 hours a week for from 12s. to 14s. A man working in a tea store 80 hours a week gets 20s., boiler-makers 28s., carpenters 24s. to 26s.; but a man has to be first-class to get as good wages as these. Book-keepers and specially good hands are all that get over 20s. a week.

"I want to put this matter before the working men and say to all Americans, 'Do you want to work for such wages? If you do not, then keep up the present tariff. Protect home industries. Be independent. Look after your own interests and only vote for such men as will raise rather than lower the tariff.' If you could only see the idle poor people of England you would be surprised. The poorhouses in Liverpool are filled to overflowing; in fact, this is true everywhere else in England, and I believe in the whole United Kingdom. If the Americans lower the tariff it will simply set to work the idle people of England and reduce those of America to idleness, bringing poverty and distress throughout the whole of that prosperous country. It is far better even to enrich American manufacturers—which will help the British manufacturers at the expense of those of the United States. The people here are weary of a Government in which the Queen costs £400,000, the Prince of Wales £180,000, and which maintains an army of 250,000 regulars and 250,000 volunteers to blot out the freedom of the people. The English lords and manufacturers are anxious to crush out the American manufacturers, even as they have crushed out American commerce and shipbuilding. Lord Salisbury said in his speech Jan. 10 at Hengley's Circus in this city, 'We are soon to have free trade with America. Then the unemployed will find work, and our mills and factories will be started again.' I want even to return to the late war to look this question squarely in the face and consider well the interests of their country. Let them stand firm against any reduction of the revenue any modification of the tariff, until the country pays off its debts to the veterans and to the bondholders. Let there be no reduction until the equalization of bounties bill, the arrears of pension bill, the disability bill and other bills are passed, and the money provided to carry them out.

"The common people here are all very reticent under the burdens that the Government heaps upon them. They are tired of the enormous expense of the royal panoplies and are eager for a Republic."

His Penance.
(Puck.)

Mr. Hoffman House (to the Rev. Dr. Chasuble's son)—"Aw, Harry, I suppose in these Lenten days you are putting a penance on yourself?"

Harry Chasuble—"Ya-as, deah boy; I'm wearing a turn-down collar now."

A Boy Spy in Dixie.

Service Under the Shadow of the Hangman's Noose.

TELLING THE NEWS.

Pleasant Evening with His Best Girl.

IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

The War Department Suspicious of the Spy's Loyalty.

(Copyright, 1887.)

Of course my reception had not been exactly such as one would naturally expect to receive at the hands of friends after the disagreeable experiences I had just passed through during the all-night double-quick on foot out of Richmond and the rebel lines, and the charge on bare back of a plow-horse on the Union lines, loaded down, as it were, with important news.

As I rode along there that early morning I have no doubt I felt as big as Sheridan did on his famous ride, and I had rather calculated on being received by my fellows with open arms. That squad of cavalymen both presented arms and opened fire on me from a distance, but luckily for the old horse and myself they carried the old cavalry carbines, which, when fired from a galloping or moving horse, were about as harmless a weapon at long range as a saber. I afterward carried



"I SURRENDER."

one of these same carbines along across my back for nearly a year, and also "toted" a saber, so I feel safe enough in asserting that they were entirely harmless, until they got to fighting us dismounted on the skirmish-line.

The leader of the squad of gallant cavalymen dashed up to my fence-corner, with a drawn navy pistol in hand, demanding in loud tones that I should

"STOP AND SURRENDER." I accepted the terms and laid down my arms, consisting of my switch. When I saw who they were, I am afraid I acted in a manner that must have made them think me a crazy person.

This was the first experience of the Union officer with the enemy, and he determined to make the most of it for his own sake. This feeling of his own importance caused the fellow—for he was not a gentleman—to act toward me in a spiteful way, seemingly because of the absurdity of the affair, which, upon being discovered by the more sensible men, provoked shouts of laughter among themselves, while some of the troopers were inclined in a familiar way to poke fun at the officer, keeping him constantly irritated by jocular remarks to each other as we rode back toward the Union lines.

To resent this sort of chaffing he pretended to believe that I was a rebel spy, who was assuming the manner as a disguise to hide my real character. He did not say as much to me, but I gathered from overhearing the



HIDING THE LETTERS.